

*Fal.* You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring; there liues not 3 good men vnhandg in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Princ.* How now *Wollacke*, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

*Prin.* Why you horsen round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and poine there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? I'll see thee damnde eare I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to day last.

*Pri.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.*  
A plague of all cowards still say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

*Fals.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe sword, with a doze of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the

Hole,

Hole, my buckler cut through & like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I ne man, all would not do. A plague on it they speake more or lesse then the sonnes of darknesse.

*Gad.* Speake sirs, how was it?

*Rofs.* Wee foure set vpon some

*Falst.* Sixteene at least, my Lord

*Rofs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound

*Fal.* You rogue they were bound as a lew else, an Ebrew Iew.

*Rofs.* As we were sharing, some

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest, and

*Prin.* What fought ye with them?

*Fal.* All? I know not what you with fifty of them, I am a bunch of two or three and fifty vpon poore leg'd creature.

*Poin.* Pray God you haue not

*Fal.* Nay that's past praying for them, Two I am sure I haue payed: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I tel me Horse: thou knowest my old bore my point: foure rogues in bound.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou saidst

*Fal.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure

*Poin.* I, I; he said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all a fr Inade no more adoe, but tooke Target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were bound

*Fal.* In Buccorum.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buccorum

*Fal.* Seuen, by these Hils, or I

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, w

*Fals.* Doe'st thou heare me *H*

*Prin.* I and marke thee too, *I*